THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Weekly Intelligence

IN THE CIVIL, NATURAL, MORAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS WORLDS.

CALCULATED PARTICULARLY FOR THE PERUSAL OF THE YOUNG, AND THOSE OF RETIRED HABITS OF LIFE.

PUBLISHED INDEPENDENTLY OF ANY INTERESTED PARTY ATTACHMENT, AND WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF TRUTH AND PURITY.

VOL. I.] *PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH-DAY, 23d of Third Month,* 1805. [No. 15.

The price of the Evening Fire-side is three dollars per annum.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Editors,

I lately read in your Evening Fire-side an essay signed Anti-Celibacy ;—it appeared to me to be an unqualified eulogy on matrimony.—Now although I am more unacquainted with the art of putting down my thoughts upon paper than I am with the conjugal state,—yet I intend to try to express them to you on this very interesting subject. First of all I will let you know that I am no enemy to it, but on the contrary, as great a friend perhaps as Anti-Celibacy himself—but I am a friend to the promotion of it only when I apprehend I shall promote happiness, for I do not conceive that the terms *matrimony* and *happiness* are synonymous. While they remain blended and confounded as they appear to be in the *dream* of Anti-Celibacy, is there not a danger of beguiling many into an irretrievable error ?—If there be I shall have some apology for thus intruding upon the time and patience of your numerous readers.—Are there not certain duties which every person should be apprised of before entering into this solemn covenant ? Doubtless there are ; duties which, if complied with, though they might defer the nuptial day, would more certainly ensure happiness.—Every man previous to entering into this state, should examine well his condition in life, and endeavour to discover the means whereby he shall be enabled comfortably to maintain himself and his family. This too common neglect I presume, is one of the sources whence flows that wretchedness which overwhelms so many families. Inquire of those whom benevolence and sympathising humanity have compelled to explore the sad and secret retreats of wretchedness—ask them the causes of these domestic calamities ; ask them why so many "sweet little prattlers who have just learned to lisp the endearing name of father" should have to cry for bread in vain—why they should have to say I am cold and hungry without finding fire to warm them, food to eat, or raiment to put on. Will they not say many causes have conspired to produce that wretchedness which they have so frequently been witness to, but that of *those* causes the *leading one* appeared to be a *premature union of the parents* ; a union involving in it not only the misery of their innocent and helpless offspring—but their own present, and it is to be feared future felicity. There are many other apparent circumstances which by the superficial observer may be considered as causes, but which upon a thorough examination might perhaps appear only effects of the cause I have before mentioned. Low and penurious circumstances depress the the human powers. The sense of misery is ready to push men into unlawful excesses or atrocious crimes, either to dispel a melancholy gloom or to better their condition.—How many under those circumstances enter into the sacred bonds of matrimony, and how frequently do these consequences ensue.

I am pleased with the conversation which passed between a father and a young man who had asked his consent to marry his daughter, as related by Dodd. "You wish to marry my daughter," said the old man, "have you a house to cover her or money to maintain her? Lucetta's fortune is not enough for both. It will not do sir, it will not do." But replied the young man I have hands to work, I have laid up twenty crowns of my wages, which will defray the expence of the wedding.—I will work harder and lay up more. "Well," said the old man, "you are young and may wait a little, get rich and my daughter is at your service." The laudable care in the father for the comfortable settlement of his daughter, and the becoming condescension in the young man in submitting to a judicious recommendation, are examples worthy the observance, perhaps of some of the readers of the Evening Fire-side. Without wishing to increase the number of batchelors, or to be instrumental in persuading the inconsiderate that matrimony is the *summum bonum* of happiness, I shall for the present take my leave of you.

PRUDENTIA.

March 2.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

"*Rejoice alway, and again I say rejoice.*"

On perusing the gloomy reveries of CARAC, I felt disposed to controvert his doctrine.

The assertion that "the life of man is nothing more than one continual round of vexations and troubles," appears abundantly more likely to produce impious murmurings against the dispensations of kind Providence, than to have any good effect. Indeed I cannot help calling in question his pretensions to Religion, because a truly virtuous man would conceive it to be great impiety and ingratitude to draw such a picture of the allotments of infinite kindness. We are very sensible that the natural man in his corrupt unregenerate state, and under the influence of depraved appetites and passions, often feels vexation and trouble.—But even in the times of darkness and blindness and ignorance, the very heathen maintain that it was in our power to rise above those incessant vexations that CARAC informs us we are doomed to from the cradle to the grave—that they could enjoy an unshaken serenity, and constancy, and tranquility,—

"The man resolv'd and steady to his trust,
"Inflexible to ill and obstinately just,
"May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
"Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries,

" The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
" And the stern brow and the harsh voice defies,
" And with superior greatness smiles."

" Should the whole frame of nature round them break,
" In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
" They unconcern'd could hear the dreadful crack,
" And stand secure amidst a falling world."

When enjoying the pleasing sensations that the beautiful objects we are surrounded with naturally inspire; when the heart felt emotions of delight and gratitude to the all-bountiful author of every blessing, disposes the virtuous to frequently exclaim with a mixture of joy and thanksgiving.

" These are thy glorious and beautiful works, Parent of Good!"

CARAC must come forward and persuade us that our eyes were made to weep, that our lives are one continued scene of vexations, &c.

Even men who have made very little pretensions to religion, frequently tell us that the Deity has clothed the fields with flowers, the trees with greenness, and surrounded us with beautiful and pleasing objects to delight and chear our hearts.

" O speak the joy ye whom the tender tear
" Surprises often while you look around,
" And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss!"

The Apostle assures the believers that " The Peace which passeth all understanding, shall keep their hearts and minds"—and much more to the same effect. Indeed our good friend above mentioned lets us know " we may *sometimes* be lulled into a forgetfulness of our miseries."

I think this is the chief if not all the consolation held up.—The virtuous feel their minds and hearts raised above the vexations and miseries he alludes to.

" Like ships on seas whilst in above the world:
——" his hands the good man fastens on the skies
" And bids earth roll nor heeds her idle whirl."

He enjoys a serene tranquillity and peace of mind,

" That nothing earthly gives or can destroy."

a foretaste of Heaven on this side the grave.

" O wherefore is the Deity so kind—
" Astonishing beyond astonishment;
" Heaven our reward above for Heav'n enjoy'd below."

" The righteous sit quietly down to " the feast of life under the smile of ap- " proving Heaven—from the beauties of " nature, from the improvements of art, " from the enjoyments of social life, " they raise their affections to the source " of all the happiness which surrounds " them, and thus widen the sphere of " their pleasures by adding intellectual " and spiritual, to their earthly joys."

MONITOR.

Woodbury, March 15th, 1805.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Panegyric upon a black woman, written after her death.

Reason distinguishing 'twixt man and brute,
One flesh, one blood, all nations constitute;
The same the sooty maid on Afric's coast
As in the British court the brilliant toast;
Objects alike of the Creator's care,
Alike belov'd the swarthy and the fair;
Precious alike is each immortal soul,
To the great Lord and Father of the whole:
Through whose effectual, all sufficient grace,
The faithful still inherit perfect peace,
Free or in bonds, of Jew or gentile race.
Few want, who die and leave a large estate,
Some servile pen to hail them good and great;
The humble poor, unnotic'd sink to dust
Though amiably good, and nobly just;
While adulation in obsequious lays,
To wealth, not virtue chaunts the song of praise,
May no low purpose e'er direct my pen,
Rev'rence, undue, to pay to mortal men;
But, sordid views, degenerate custom's laws
Contemning, in the righteous bond-maid's cause,
Lest worth unfeign'd, its just eulogium lack,
Rise, honest muse, and sing " the noble black."
If to be faithful in a low estate,
Wise without learning, without riches, great;
If where those relatives united blend,
The tender mother, daughter, sister, friend;
If where th' harmonious, social virtues meet,
And piety, untainted with deceit,
If in so rich a garden honour blows,
Illustrious then's the life of honest ROSE.
He who from guilt delivers the contrite,
Whose love can wash the Ethiopean white,
Whose wisdom can the thing of naught prepare
To bring to naught the boasted things that are;
Exalts his little ones, whom men despise,
And thus confounds the wisdom of the wise;
Hath from this sorrowing vale of mortal woes
Call'd to immortal joys his faithful ROSE.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Messieurs Editors,

Having read in your useful paper essays on several subjects upon which I am desirous to obtain information, I shall take the liberty of proposing a few queries to those of your Correspondents, whom I apprehend capable of answering them.—

Of Speculator or his friend, I wish to know the reason or reasons, why the same pendulum will vibrate slower in lat. 20° than in lat. 40°, and also what are the mechanical powers?

I request Simon Slow (Shoemaker) to give me a history of shoes and boots, containing the names of them, with a description of the several varieties which have been fashionable, since he has been in business.

Of Jerry Snipe (Taylor) I desire to have an account of the different modes that have prevailed in his line since being out of his apprenticeship.

INTERROG.

March 18.

To the Editors of the Evening Fire-side.

The following Hymn which I send you for insertion is an early production of a particular favourite of the Muses, whose talents have uniformly been so well directed that apologies for publishing his performances without consulting him are unnecessary.

CLIO.

A MORNING HYMN.

Arise my soul! with rapture rise!
And fill'd with love and fear, adore
The awful sovereign of the skies,
Whose mercy lends me one day more.

And may this day, indulgent power!
Not idly pass nor fruitless be,
But may each swiftly flying hour,
Advance my soul more nigh to thee!

But can it be? that power divine!
Whose throne is light's unbounded blaze?
While countless worlds and Angels join,
To swell thy glorious song of praise:

Will deign to lend a favouring ear,
When I, poor abject mortal, pray?
Yes, (*boundless* GOODNESS!) He will hear,
Nor cast the meanest wretch away!

Then let me serve thee all my days:
And may my zeal with years increase
For pleasant, Lord! are all thy ways;
And all thy paths, are paths of peace.

S. S.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

London, 2d of the 9th month '79.

Peter Hendrick and John Claus.

My dear friends in the everlasting truth of our God that has begotten us again to a life and hope that are incorruptible, do I dearly salute you, your dear wives, and all my endeared friends and brethren, in that city and country, to whom O that the God of all my comforts and blessings, would multiply grace, mercy and peace, that an heavenly family, and holy society to him, you there and we here may be and continue till our last great change shall come, when all mortality with us shall be swallowed up of life. It is long since I have heard from you, and longer I believe since you heard from me; but surely our love remains in that which no distance or time can extinguish or wear out, and I know not that I have ever been drawn forth of God in prayer in public, that you have not been brought livingly to my remembrance, and indeed you are as an epistle

writ upon my soul; and tenderness often overtakes me in secret that truth may spring among you. O the precious meetings that we have had together, let my soul never forget the goodness of the Lord.—Things here are well as to truth, blessed be God, but many friends drop off by sickness; 'tis a sickly time with us.—As to the public, the discovery of the plot and plotters goes on, notwithstanding all arts to smother it. The mock-plot cast on the presbyterians turns to good, and Oats has lately detected three persons suborned to swear ——— against him, and it falls on the late treasurer and the popish lords, so that now all seem to believe the plot but those that knew it before we did, for they cannot say any more—*do you think we would do this or that, as Oats &c. says;* for now worse was proved than ever was conceived.—And truly the Lord works wonderfully for the preservation of this nation; and therefore I hope he will save it from the devices of the wicked. Just now a great man tells me that the D—— of Mon. is arrived, the king bids him begone, he refuses, and claims an English right to stay and refers himself to the law, but stirs not. The bells ring, the fires burn, and the people are extremely agitated; but the Lord is our choice and his peaceable kingdom, and in him is our trust and joy forever, who by all these things will exalt his truth and break in upon the spirits of people and begin his work in them. No more, but that I should rejoice to hear from you, of your welfare and truths' prosperity, who am your faithful friend and brother,

WM. PENN.

Salute me to Vantongre J. Roloss and wife. The school-master, J. Clause, and J. L. &c. You would do well to write sometimes to the 2d day's meeting how things are.

For the Evening Fire-side.

THE OBJECT WORTHY OF PURSUIT.

If now, in early Youth, my son
The *good* thou choose—the *evil* shun,
Thou may'st a good foundation lay—
The comfort of a future day.
A faithless world may on thee frown
And thou be, friendless, left alone;
For trouble is each mortal's lot:
Then let this truth be ne'er forgot
Heaven, ever Man's indulgent friend,
Afflicts but for a gracious end.
Let the ambitious seek to rise
His Babel structures to the skies;
Let worldlings after shadows press;
Be thine, the substance to possess,
And know what constitutes true bliss.
Not *he* whom Fortune's goods surround
With more than needful plenty crown'd;
Whose gainful projects meet success,
And swell his coffers with increase,
Houses superb, and gardens fair,
With Natures' elegancies rare;
Servants in *taste* and equipage,
The gazing populace t'engage;
Far fetch'd, his appetites to please
The product of Earth, Air, and Seas:
Not *he* is rich; but, who, resign'd
Enjoys a pious calm of mind,
And what supplies his real need
Grateful receives, is rich indeed!
Not he, who labours much to know
Why mountains blaze, seas ebb and flow;
Explores the nature of each sphere,
And travels with the blazing star;
Who deep inspecting Nature's womb,
Imports rich funds of knowledge home;
Not he who kens each Planet's size;
But he who knows himself, is wise!
Not he who Death defies in War,
Or fearless meets the fierce Hussar;
Whose breast with Martial ardour burns;
The Horse and rider overturns;
In the hot siege ascends the wall,
And dauntless sees his fellow's fall,
Strong holds dismantl'd; cities sack'd;
Provinces ravag'd, empires wreck'd;
Compose his trophies, swell his pride,
And bid his name tremendous stride
Thro' the wide range of time and space,
While brass or stone, his form express:
Not, who those earth-born honours wait;
But who subdues himself, is great!
Thyself to know; thyself to rule
A science taught in Christs' free-school,
This science, O my Son! pursue;
Acquaint thyself with him that's true,
And be at peace; here Wisdom, Wealth,
Sweet pleasure, and immortal Health!
With Love that over Death prevails,
And every evil countervails,
Concenter'd, all supremely meet
To make thee Rich, and Wise and Great.

SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

A SCEPTIC IN RELIGION,

Is one that hangs in the balance with divers opinions, whereof no one has sufficient influence to determine him. He is a man guiltier of credulity than he pretends to be; for it is out of the fulness of his belief that he believes nothing.—Each religion frightens him from its contrary; but none persuades him to itself. He would be wholly a Christian, but that he is partly a deist; and wholly a deist, but that he is partly a Christian: and a perfect atheist, but that he cannot account for a series of infinities. He finds reason in all opinions, but truth in none; indeed, the least reason perplexes him, and the best will not satisfy him. He finds doubts and scruples better than resolves them; and is always too hard for himself. His learning is too much for his brain, and his judgment too little for his learning, and his over-weaning opinion of both spoils all. He uses occasionally the religion of his country, because it is next him, yet he sees no reason why he may not take another; but he chooses this, not as a better, but because there is not a pin to choose. It was his mischance to be a scholar, for it only confounds and perplexes him. He argues much in general upon the uncertainty of our opinions, and the possibility of erring deters him from searching for the truth. He is troubled with the opinion that particular religions are naturalized in different countries; that protestanism should be born in England and Holland, and popery in Spain and Portugal; and the worship of Mahomet in Asia. His principles and opinions are as unsteady as a weathercock, and are invariably governed not by the strongest, but the last arguments. Godwin, Paine, and De Volney, by turns, lead, or rather mislead him; and as these redoubted champions of immutable truth not only individually, but collectively, differ in opinion from each other; he is, by turns, a disciple of the three. He has a small portion of all religions, and you may sooner pick out of him a part of many varieties, than one whole. In fine, his whole life is a question, and his salvation a greater, which death only concludes, and then he is resolved.

[*M. Mir.*]

A Letter from ——— ———, a Baptist minister to M. M. of the Society of Friends.

Hark! how the sacred thunder rends the skies,
"Repent, and be baptis'd!" Christ's herald cries,
"Repent, and be baptiz'd," consenting Heaven replies;

And can Lavinia, unaffected, hear
This awful message echoing in her ear?
Will my Lavinia unconverted prove
Rebel to God, and faithless unto love?
Say, shall a parent's absolute command
The mighty voice of God himself withstand?
Shall heavenly calls to earthly ties give place,
And filial fondness frustrate Christian grace?
Shall human wit Omniscience engage,
And Barclay endless war with Jesus wage?—

Must each Apostle wave his claim to merit,
That Fox may shine first martyr of the spirit?—
Must common sense be banish'd from the soul,
Ere gospel salve can make the sinner whole?
Must each adept in Calvary's great school
Be, not in meekness, but in fact, a fool?
Must Paul at Corinth be a babbler too—
And Peter, when a Baptist, be a Jew?
Must Philip's process be superfluous thought;
Because he wash'd the eunuch he had taught?
Must foed'ral rites be metaphor'd away,
And actual homage constru'd disobey?
Such juggling art may change each part of speech,
Make water spirit, and baptize, to teach.
But if such jargon Jesus represents,
The light indeed is lent alone to saints;
Then in the letter double death we find,
And Christ, in figure only, sav'd mankind!

THE ANSWER, BY M. M.

"Hark! how the sacred thunder rends the skies!
"Repent and be baptiz'd," Christ's herald cries,
"Repent and be baptis'd," consenting Heaven replies.

The Christian heart reveres the solemn sound,
And, deeply humbled, treads the sacred ground;
Owns the injunction's undisputed claim,
It's awful import, and its glorious aim:
But here a difference mutual zeal excites,
You plead for outward, *we* for mental rites.
We think the Gospel's hallow'd page inspires
Superior efforts, nor one type requires;
Since no ablutions can effectual prove
The innate stains of nature to remove,
No mode of words true purity impart,
To an infantile and unconscious heart.
Vain and factitious, hence, we'd sallow
The faithless surety, and baptismal vow.
As being shadows, men may them observe,
Yet from the substance, in their conduct swerve.
While superstitious rites their time divide,
They cease to follow virtue as their guide,
Inslav'd by canons and the partial rules
Of councils, synods, colleges, and schools.
Thus might mankind (for some) an ample field,
To circumcision, ancient custom, yield
Or humbly prostrate in the public street,
With mutual candour wash each other's feet,
'Tis thus, that holiness to form gives place,
And solemn trifling frustrates Christian grace;
In Jordan's pool, well pleas'd, the Almighty saw
His son belov'd submitting to his law,
But his Apostle thro' the world he sent,
With a baptizing pow'r beyond th' element.
This power does all true ministry attend,
'Twas promis'd, and will never have an end.
This mighty power his herald did proclaim,
"He shall baptize you with an holy flame:"
Yet water was in use an ancient rite,
allow'd the common way to proselyte,
But no dependance plac'd hereon you'll see,
And Paul and Peter in this point agree.
Then real Christians with illumin'd thought
View truth unbiass'd as its Author taught.
No typic observations are rever'd,
Since their immortal Archetype appear'd;
Fox preach'd this doctrine to a seeking age,
It shines in Barclay's unrefuted page,
Simple their scheme, no mean self-love they knew,
But freely preach'd without a sordid view;
With hearts devoted, Gospel truths display'd,
And scorn'd to make Divinity a trade.
No juggling art e'er us'd, no low disguise,
O'er obvious texts, and sense, to tyranize;
Discerning truth by its own native light,
And by its guidance practis'd what was right.

M. M.

A Letter containing a History of an Adventurer in Lotteries.

As I have passed much of my life in disquiet and suspense, and lost many opportunities of advantage by a passion which I have reason to believe prevalent in different degrees over a great part of mankind, I cannot but think myself well qualified to warn those who are yet uncaptivated, of the danger which they incur by placing themselves within its influence.

I served an apprenticeship to a linen draper, with uncommon reputation for diligence and fidelity; and at the age of three and twenty opened a shop for myself with a large stock, and such credit among all the merchants, who were acquainted with my master, that I could command whatever was imported curious or valuable. For five years I proceeded with success proportionate to close application and untainted integrity; was a daring bidder at every sale; always paid my notes before they were due; and advanced so far in commercial reputation, that I was proverbially marked out as the model of young traders, and every one expected that a few years would make me an alderman.

In this course of even prosperity, I was one day persuaded to buy a ticket in the lottery. The sum was inconsiderable, part was to be repaid, though fortune might fail to favor me, and therefore my established maxims of frugality did not restrain me from so trifling an experiment. The ticket lay almost forgotten till the time when every man's fate was to be determined; nor did the affair even then seem of any importance, till I discovered by the public papers that the number next to mine had conferred the great prize.

My heart leaped at the thought of such an approach to sudden riches, which I considered myself, however contrary to the laws of computation, as having missed by a single chance; and I could not forbear to revolve the consequences which such a bounteous allotment would have produced, if it had happened to me. This dream of felicity by degrees took possession of my imagination. The great delight of my solitary hours was to purchase an estate, and form plantations with money which once might have been mine, and I never met my friends but I spoiled all their merriment by perpetual complaints of my ill luck.

At length another lottery was opened, and I had now so heated my imagination with the prospect of a prize, that I should have pressed among the first purchasers, had not my ardour been withheld by deliberation upon the probability of success from one ticket rather than another. I hesitated long between even and odd; considered the square and cubic numbers through the lottery; examined all those to which good luck had been hitherto annexed; and at last fixed upon one, which, by some secret relation to the events of my life, I thought predestined to make me happy. Delay in great affairs is often mischievous; the ticket was sold, and its possessor could not be found.

I returned to my conjectures, and, after many arts of prognostication, fixed upon another chance, but with less confidence. Never did captive, heir, or lover, feel so much vexation from the slow pace of time, as I suffered between the purchase of my ticket and the distribution of the prizes. I solaced my uneasiness as well as I could, by frequent contemplations of approaching happiness; when the sun rose I knew it would set, and congratuted myself at night that I was so much nearer to my wishes. At last the day came, my ticket appeared, and rewarded all my cares and sagacity with a despicable prize of fifty pounds.

My friends, who honestly rejoiced at my success, were very coldly received; I hid myself a fortnight in the country, that my chagrin might fume away without observation, and then returning to my shop, began to listen after another lottery.

With the news of a lottery I was soon gratified, and having now found the vanity of conjecture and inefficacy of computation, I resoved to take the prize by violence, and therefore bought forty tickets, not omitting, however, to divide them between the even and odd numbers, that I might not miss the lucky class.—Many conclusions did I form, and many experiments did I try, to determine from which of those tickets I might most reasonably expect riches. At last, being unable to satisfy myself by any modes of reasoning, I wrote the numbers upon dice, and allotted five hours every day to the amusement of throwing them in a garret; and examining the event by an exact register, found, on the evening before the lottery was drawn, that one of my numbers had been turned up five times more than any of the rest in three hundred and thirty thousand throws.

This experiment was fallacious; the first day presented the hopeful ticket a detestable blank. The rest came out with different fortune, and in conclusion I lost thirty pounds by this great adventure.

I had now wholly changed the cast of my behaviour and the conduct of my life. The shop was for the most part abandoned to my servants; and, if I entered it, my thoughts were so engrossed by my tickets, that I scarcely heard or answered a question, but considered every customer as an intruder upon my meditations, whom I was in haste to dispatch. I mistook the price of my goods, committed blunders in my bills, forgot to file my receipts, and neglected to regulate my books. My acquaintances by degrees began to fall away; but I perceived the decline of my business with little emotion, because whatever deficiency there might be in my gains, I expected the next lottery to supply.

Miscarriage naturally produces diffidence; I began now to seek assistance against ill luck, by an alliance with those who had been more successful. I enquired diligently at what office any prize had been sold, that I might purchase of a propitious vender; solicited those who had been fortunate in former lotteries, to partake with me in my new tickets; and whenever I met with one that had in any event of his life been eminently prosperous, I invited him to take a larger share. I had, by this rule of conduct, so diffused my interest, that I had a fourth part of fifteen tickets, an eighth of forty, and a sixteenth of ninety.

I waited for the decision of my fate with my former palpitations, and looked upon the business of my trade with my usual neglect. The wheel at last was turned, and its revolutions brought me a long succession of sorrows and disappointments. I indeed often partook of a small prize, and the loss of one day was generally balanced by the gain of the next; but my desires yet remained unsatisfied, and when one of my chances had failed, all my expectation was suspended on those which remained yet undetermined. At last a prize of five thousand pounds was proclaimed; I caught fire at the cry, and, enquiring the number, found it to be one of my own tickets, which I had divided among those on whose luck I depended, and of which I had retained only a sixteenth part.

You will easily judge with what detestation of himself, a man thus intent upon gain reflected that he had sold a prize which was once in his possession. It was to no purpose that I represented to my mind the impossibility of recalling the past, or the folly of condemning an act which only in its event, an event which no human intelligence could foresee, proved to be wrong. The prize which, though put in my hands, had been suffered to slip from me, filled me with anguish, and knowing that complaint would only expose me to ridicule, I gave myself up silently to grief, and lost by degrees my appetite and my rest.

My indisposition soon became visible; I was visited by my friends, and among them by Eumathes, a clergyman, whose piety and learning gave him such an ascendant over me, that I could not refuse to open my heart. 'There are,' said he, 'few minds sufficiently firm to be trusted 'in the hands of chance. Whoever finds 'himself inclined to anticipate futurity, 'and exalt possibility to certainty, should 'avoid every casual adventure, since his 'grief must be always proportionate to 'his hope. You have long wasted that 'time, which, by a proper application, 'would have certainly, though moderately, increased your fortune, in a laborious and anxious pursuit of a species of 'gain, which no labour or anxiety, no art 'or expedient, can secure or promote.— 'You are now fretting away your life in 'repentance of an act, against which repentance can give no caution, but to 'avoid the occasion of committing it.— 'Rouse from this lazy dream of fortuitous 'riches, which, if obtained, you could 'scarcely have enjoyed, because they 'could confer no consciousness of desert; return to rational and manly industry, and consider the mere gift of 'luck below the care of a wise man.'

[*Rambler.*]

EFFICACY OF THE KINE-POCK.

The following valuable extract from a Paris paper, (the Gazette Nationale ou le Moniteur Universel, for Oct. 4, 1804,) will doubtless be read with the highest satisfaction by the friends of vaccination throughout America, as an ample proof, in addition to former testimonials, of the security obtained by that practice against the small-pox.

"His excellency, the Minister of the interior, has communicated to the central society of the vaccine established near him, the result of a counter-proof which, by the concurrence of circumstances accompanying it, ought to make an epoch in the history of vaccination.

"Six black children, the first who were vaccinated in the Isle de la Reunion, (Isle de Bourbon) and whose infection afterwards served for more than 5000 other individuals, were embarked in the vessel, the Young Caroline, (infected with the small-pox) and carried to one of the Isles des Seychelles, where the vessel was obliged to perform quarantine. These six children remained three months on board, constantly placed in the focus of the infection; and pains were taken to make them live, eat, and sleep with the infected. They were also, during the quarantine, twice inoculated for the small-pox, each time with large incisions in both arms. It is stated by the register, daily kept, that these six children having slept under the bed-clothes of the persons having the small-pox, in contact with their pustules, eating and drinking out of the same utensils, having been twice inoculated from those, who afterwards fell victims to their disorder, *were preserved from all contagion, and continue at the present time in perfect health.*

"This counter-proof is perhaps the strongest in the history of vaccination, from the particular circumstance, that these six children after reaching the place of quarantine, lived for 15 days in the midst of twenty blacks in the confluent small-pox, of whom six are dead; of twenty to twenty-five other blacks in the state of scabbing, desiccation and convalescence, seven of which number died before the vessel arrived; and all were contained between decks of a small vessel, in a space of eight feet by ten or twelve. This counter-proof merits a place in the immense collection of useful experiments made in Europe upon vaccination; it fulfils moreover, the important end proposed by government, and it confirms in the most unqualified manner the anti-variolic property, which the numerous trials made by the most distinguished physicians had attached to the new inoculation."

It is to be hoped that after reading the above, even the most sceptical will be convinced, and that stricter attention to the anomalies of the disease, will serve to explain the supposed cases of subsequent small-pox; and enable us to guard against their future recurrence.

[*Phil. Med. Mus.*]

HINTS TO PROMOTE EARLY RISING.

" Falsely luxurious, will not man awake;
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due and sacred song?
For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The flitting moments of too short a life;
Total extinction of the enlighten'd soul!
Or else to feverish vanity alive,
Wilder'd, and tossing through distemper'd dreams.
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than nature craves; when every muse
And every blooming pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly devious morning walk.

THOMSON.

The difference between rising every morning at 6 and 8 o'clock, in the course of forty years, supposing a man to go bed at the same time he otherwise would, amounts to 29,000 hours; or 3 years, 121 days, and 16 hours; which will afford 8 hours a day for exactly ten years; so that is the same as if ten years of life, a weighty consideration, were added, in which we could command eight hours every day for the cultivation of our minds, or the dispatch of business.

The following anecdote will serve to shew with what resolution an eminent author, warred against a propensity which was likely to prove an enemy to his usefulness and fame.

Buffon, the celebrated Naturalist, was in the habit of rising with the sun, but it was with great difficulty he conquered his natural indolence. He thus relates the manner in which he accomplished it: "In my youth I was extremely fond of sleep, and that fondness robbed me of much time. My poor Joseph (a domestic who served him sixty-five years) was of the highest utility to me in overcoming it. I promised him a crown for every time he should make me get up at six o'clock. He failed not next day to rouse and torment me—I abused him.—He came the day following, and I threatened him. "Friend Joseph," said I to him at noon, "you have gained nothing, and I have lost my time. You don't know how to manage the matter. Think only on my promise, and never heed my threatenings." The day following he accomplished his point. I begged, entreated, then abused, and would have turned him off. He raised me by absolute force; and had his reward every day for my ill humour in the moment of waking—my thanks and a crown an hour after. I owe to poor Joseph at least ten or twelve volumes of my work.

An account of the City and Tower of Babylon, with reflections thereon.

My reader must needs have a curiosity to see some account of a City and Tower which employed all the men in the world for 22 years in building: the scriptures inform us that the walls of the City were built of brick instead of stone; and cemented with a glutinous slime or bitumen, brought from a city in the neighborhood of Babylon, called Is or Hit, which binds more firmly than mortar, and soon grows harder than brick or stone itself. They were 3 years in making and burning these bricks, each of which was 30 cubits long, and 5 thick. The whole city, which stood on a large plain, consisted of 50 streets, each 15 miles long, wherefore 25 went one way and 25 the other, directly crossing each other at right angles. The walls were every way prodigious; they were in thickness 87 feet, and in height 350; These walls were drawn round the city in form of an exact square. In every side of this great square were 25 gates, that is 100 in all, which were of solid brass.—The walls were surrounded on the outside with a vast ditch full of water: Benjamin, a Jew of Tudela, in his itinerary, written in about the year of our Lord 1170, tells us, "That he was upon the place where this city formerly stood, and found it wholly desolated and destroyed. Only some ruins of Nebuchadnezzar's palace was still remaining: but men were afraid to go near them, by reason of the many serpents and scorpions that were then in the place."

As for the tower, it was built of the same materials as above mentioned, and was 10,000 fathoms, or 12 miles high.—It consisted of 8 square towers, one above another, gradually descending in breadth, which, with the winding of the stairs from top to bottom, on the outside, gave it the resemblance of a pyramid.

This is Babylon! The glory of kingdoms! The beauty of the Chaldean excellency! But alas, how is she fallen! Fallen from the height of magnificence into the abyss of confusion! What was once the object of universal admiration is now a spectacle of astonishment and horror.

The palace where majesty sat enthroned like some terrestial deity, is an heap of rubbish, no longer distinguished by an air of superior elegance, but by stronger and more melancholy marks of departed dignity.—Where the nobles of that sumptuous court trailed along the marble pavements with their robes of purple and embroidery; there the crested snake hisses, or the fierce invenomed adder glides.

How changed is the hospitable hall, and how disgraced the room of state! The first afforded a constant and cordial reception to the welcome guests; in the last, the great king gave audience to his cringing, his adoring vassals. Now thorns overrun the circumference, and desolation sits in the threshold of them both.—Where are the roofs of ivory, painted with vermilion, and adorned with sculpture! The radiant rays, whose lamps of burnished silver, pendant in many a blazing row, yielded light as from another sky! Swept from their foundations, they lie clotted with defiling dirt, or clashed in tangling briars.—Music no longer pours her harmony through the wide and extended apartment; but the night owl nestling in some clefts of the ruins, screams her harsh and portentous dissonance. Joy no longer leads up the sprightly dance amidst the lustre of that artificial day; but the solitary bat flits in silent circles, or flaps her sooty wings. All those gay delights—let the sons of sensuality hear the tale, and take warning from the catastrophe! All those gay delights are extinguished like one of their feeblest tapers; which having illuminated for a while the festival assembly, shone itself to the edges of the exhausted socket, and, in a moment flashed into stench and darkness.

The walls, though cemented with bitumen, and consolidated with the firmness of a flint, are become like the broken bubble. There was a time, when the inhabitants confiding in the strength of her bulwarks, and impregnable towers, looked down with fearless disdain on the armies of besiegers. But now the prophet's threatening is most terribly fulfilled. "The fortress of the high fort of thy walls hath he brought down, laid low, and brought to the ground, even to the dust. Where are the gates, the grand and glittering gates, that admitted the triumphant hosts, or poured forth their numerous legions against the day of battle? Not one trace remains to tell the inquisitive stranger, "here the spacious avenues opened; here the massy portals rose."—Commodious walks, in which the clustering merchants raised the busy hum, and planned the schemes of commerce, ample streets, in which industry drove the toiling car, or smote the sounding an-

vil, are shrouded with matted grass, or buried beneath the rankest weeds. Silence in both places, a sullen silence reigns: and inactivity, a death-like inactivity slumbers.

What has become of those fanning gardens, which, for curious contrivance and stupendous workmanship, were never equalled in any nation under Heaven? Terraces, that overlooked the tallest houses! Pastures, exalted to the clouds, and opening their flowery beauties in that strange region! Groves, whose very roots were higher than the tops of the loftiest trees! They are now smitten by the dreadful blast. Their beauty is gone like a withered leaf. Instead of being the favourite retreats of a queen, and the admiration of the whole world, they are a nest for poisonous reptiles, and a kennel for ravenous beasts. The traveller, instead of expatiating with delight where this pensile Paradise flourished, is struck with horror, keeps at a trembling distance, and, surveying the rueful spot, cries out: "Righteous art thou, O Lord, and true are all thy Judgments."

Here stands an obelisk, maimed by the stroke of revolving years, like a mountain-oak shattered by the flaming bolt.—Another unhinged and quite disjointed seems to tremble at every blast that blows. There the pyramid, firm as the solid rock, and stable, one would have thought as the everlasting hills, wrenched from its mighty base, is tumbled headlong in enormous ruin, and has crushed many a structure by its fall.—See yonder the triumphal arch, which exhibited through its extensive and beautiful bend, an advantageous view of the firmament. It was once the graceful memorial of some celebrated victory: it is now converted into a trophy of a very different kind.—Just retaining two uneven battered ragged stumps, it serves to recognize the destructive ravages of time.—Spires, that pierced the clouds, and pinnacles, to which the strong-winged bird could hardly soar, the grovelling worm crawls, and the sordid snail leaves her slimy track.—Baths, that contained the translucent wave, and were so often perfumed with odoriferous unguents, are choaked with filth; the grand colonade that surrounded them, is shivered to pieces; and the elevated dome that covered them, is dashed to the ground.—The public aqueducts, that conveyed cleanliness and health along their chrystal currents, are degenerated into a stagnating lake, while chroaking vermin swarm among the weeds, and noisome exhalations steam from the mire. August and stately temples, that seemed to affect the neighbourhood of Heaven, are sunk to the very dust. Who can point the spot, where the consecrated victim bled, or the sacred fire glowed? Where the sceptered image lifted its majestic head, or the consecrating crowd bowed the suppliant knee? Degraded are those splendid vanities, and cast (according to the denunciation of the sacred oracles) "to the bats and moles." All is low, low as the spurious dignity of the idols they complimented; low as the straw that is trodden down for the dunghill.

Sepulchres, the once venerable repositories of the dead, awful mansions, destined to everlasting concealment, are cleft and rent asunder. They disclose the horrid secrets of the pit, and frightfully yawn upon the blasted day. Possible some ravinous creature lurks within, that has already rifled the tomb of its hero; given the putrid bones a new grave, and waits only for the approach of night to repeat his funeral dirge in yells.—Inscriptions, designed to perpetuate some illustrious character, or eternise some heroic deed, are blended in the promiscuous mass. In vain would the trying antiquary search for a legible, or consistent; in vain attempt to find the memorable names of a Nebuchadnezzar, or a Nimrod. These, though engraved on plates of brass, or cut in blocks of marble, are lost amidst the stupendous lumber, as prints on the unsteady sand are effaced when returning tides smoothe their furrowed beach.

Here and there a straglingcypress rises as it were with funeral solemnity, amidst the waste. Somewhat like the black plumes nodding over the mournful hearse, they augment the same sadness of the scene, and throw a deeper horror on all below.—No human voice is heard, nor human face seen amidst those desolated heaps. Too dreary even for the roam of the hoary hermit, or the cell of the gloomy monk. Abandoned, they are totally abandoned to the dominion of solitude, or else to the unmolested resort of shaggy monsters and feathered hags, that stun the midnight hours—these with their importunate shrieks—those, with their execrable howls.

See! to what a despicable, to what an abhorred state the proudest monument of earthly grandeur, and the most costly apparatus for earthly felicity, may be reduced.

A pregnant and alarming roof, that, for lasting honour or real happiness,

They build too low, who build beneath the sky.

Turn then thy desires, O my soul! to that which is permanent and durable, and be ambitious to be good.——

The stars shall fade away, the sun itself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
Yet thou shalt flourish in immortal Truth
Unhurt, amidst a war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT AND JADDUA.

About three hundred and thirty-two years before Christ, Jaddua, the high priest of the Jews, refused to take the required oath of allegiance to Alexander the Great, who was then besieging Tyre. Alexander had no sooner made himself master of that city, than he bent his course toward Jerusalem; with full determination to destroy both place, priest, and people; and to enrich his fources, by the free plunder of the Jewish capital. Jaddua, on receiving notice of this design, was in great perplexity. He appointed a day of public and solemn humiliation before God; and was that same night relieved from his anxiety by the following dream. He thought, "that the Almighty exhorted him to dismiss his fears; to adorn the city as on festive occasions; to set open the gates; and when Alexander drew near, to give him the meeting, at the head of an ecclesiastical procession, robed in their sacradotal habits."

The next morning Jaddua publicly declared his dream; regulated his measures, agreeably to the suggestions he had received, and placidly waited the event.

So soon as Alexander came within sight of Jerusalem, the procession from the city began to move. The high priest took the lead, superbly arrayed in scarlet and purple, and wearing the mitre which bore the name of God engraved on a plate of gold. Next to him followed the inferior priests, habited in fine linen. A multitude of citizens, cloathed in white, closed the rear. When the venerable train came up, Alexander commanded his own soldiers to halt: and, advancing foremost and alone, respecfully accosted Jaddua, and adored the incomprehensible name with which his mitre was adorned. The Jews uttered their salutations in shouts, and the hostile army stood astonished, at the unexpected behaviour of their prince. Parmonio,

who was Alexander's particular friend and favourite, could not help expressing his surprise; and ventured to ask him, "How is it, that you, who are worshipped by all mankind, are now become a worshipper of the Jewish pontiff."—"I worship not the high priest," returned the king, "but the God whose name he bears. When I was at Dios, in Macedon, concerting the plan I should pursue, in order to subject Asia to my dominion, I saw, in a dream, this very person, habited exactly as he now stands, who exhorted me to undertake the expedition without delay, and promised me infallible success. I now am certain that, under the divine patronage, I shall subdue Darius, and the master of Persia.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—A report prevailed in London, of the capture of Minorca, by the British force under Lord Nelson, which is rendered the more probable, as the possession of the port of Mahon would greatly facilitate the blockade of the Spanish harbours in the Mediterranean.

It is said, that a most alarming riot took place lately at one of the Parisian Theatres, while Bonapart was present, and that an attempt was made to assasinate him. This report derives some degree of probability from the information of a gentleman arrived at Portsmouth, from France, who states, that about a fortnight since a general discontent prevailed in that country, and at Paris. It is added, "that Bonaparte's object in making the late overture of peace to our government, was, to quiet the general ferment."

Coronation splendor. The Sceptre borne by Bonaparte, at his ceremony of the coronation, was of silver, entwined with a serpent in gold, and surmounted with a globe, bearing the portrait of Charlemagne. The jewels purchased at Lisbon for this coronation, are stated to have cost about a million sterling.

The equipages of the family were remarkably splendid. The Emperor's carriage was drawn by eight bay horses, ornamented with plumes of white feathers, and led by footmen; by the side of the carriage were their Imperial Majesties' pages; it was followed by twenty-four carriages, each drawn by six horses, belonging to the Princes and Grand Officers. The Empress's coach, drawn by eight horses, contained his Holiness the Pope. Such a train of splendid carriages and equipages succeeded, with ministers, marshalls and generals, that near two hours were occupied in their passing. The whole way they went was lined with a double row of foot guards.

Bonaparte has authorised the Pope to invite all the constitutional Bishops and Clergy, who formerly took the constitutional oath, to abjure its obligations. All of them have obeyed the invitatation, except Sauriene, Bishop of the departments of the Upper and Lower Rhine. The Pope has, it is said, demanded the restitution of the church property, and the restoration of the Jesuits, but these demands have been peremptorily rejected by Napoleon.

The Courts of Vienna and Copenhagen have declared, in answer to the Circular Note of M. Talleyrand, respecting the Ministers of Great Britain, whom Bonaparte professed to put out of the protection of the public law, that they cannot recognize so extraordinary a principle.

The King of Prussia does not discontinue the marks of his discontent at the detention of the Papers of Sir George Rumbold; and it is in consequence of this sovereign's known indignation, that these papers have not yet been published by the government of France.

Austria, Prussia, and Russia, are represented as being far advanced in negociations, of which it is the object to maintain the peace of the continent, and to guarantee it against encroachments upon the part of any other power.

It appears from the annual census, that has been lately made of the population of Spain, that during the last twelve months it has diminished a million, which diminution is attributed to epidemic disorders, earthquakes, and want. In the town of Malaga, alone, 26,000 persons were buried in the course of four weeks.

The siege of Gibraltar, which the English have now had in their possession exactly a hundred years, is to be undertaken with from eighty to a hundred thousand men, Spanish and French.—The camp of St. Roch will be more numerous than during the American war. The garrison of Gibraltar is very weak at the present moment; but we expect to see it soon reinforced by numerous detachments of troops from England.

The Court of Madrid has now official intelligence, that Dessalines had declared war against Spain, and that serious disturbances have broken out in Mexico. The Viceroy of that colony has written home for military succours.

The Court of Lisbon has been invited by the French and Spanish Courts to shut its ports against the English.—The Prince Regent, however, has hitherto assigned various weighty reasons for not complying with those requests.

Another account mentions that Great Britain had declared war against Portugal, and that the former had attacked and taken possession of Madeira.

A private letter from Paris informs, that Gen. La Fayette proposes coming to the United States, with an intention of visiting the lands granted to him by Congress.

Gen. Moreau, according to some advices from Spain, has taken his departure for America, on board of an American ship. The individuals accused of the last conspiracy against Bonaparte are still in close custody; and some of them have been sent to different fortresses.

There are now at Paris two deputies of the Italian republic, with instructions to offer the crown to Bonaparte, as King of Lombardy.

The last accounts from Italy state, that the King of Naples, in answer to the importunate notes of the French Minister, Alquier, to shut his ports against the English, demanded some time longer, to wait for the arrival of some important dispatches from St. Petersbugh, London and Vienna. This Alquier and the French General St. Cyr said they were not authorised to grant; but they both dispatched couriers to Paris for fresh instructions. Meanwhile the British diplomatic Agent at Naples was making preparations for his departure.

The Russian forces are now masters of all Georgia, and a number of sea ports on the Caspian Sea, including Erivan and Guenge. They lately defeated the army of the Persians, commanded by the sons of the Kahn, on the banks of the river Araxes. The King of Persia, Fatali, intended to put himself at the head of a numerous army, which was collecting in the province of Manzandaran, and to march against the Russians. In the environs of Bagdad all was perfectly quiet, and Ali Pacha having ceased his warlike preparations, it is hoped that peace will be made with the Wahabis, against whom he had orders to march.

DOMESTIC.—The prosperity and rapid increase of Philadelphia, is, perhaps, not exceeded by any other city in the world; in 1783, about a century after it was founded, there were in the city and subburbs 6000 houses, and 40,000 people.—At the present time it is computed to contain 13,000 houses, and 80,000 people. In 1802, there were four hundred and sixty-four—in 1803, three hundred and eighty-five—in 1804, two hundred and seventy-three dwelling houses erected in the city and liberties, and, during those three years, there were also erected, six buildings for worship; and a number of warehouses, not included in the foregoing enumeration.

[*Poulson.*]

Interments in the different burial grounds of the City and Liberties of Philadelphia, from the 9th to the 16th instant, Adults 15—Children 14—Total 29.

Deaths in the City of New-York, from the 9th to the 16th instant, Adults 13—Children 12—Total 25.

Bill of mortality—Boston, for one week, ending the 2d instant,—Total 15.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several communications have been received, which are under consideration.

PUBLISHED BY JOSEPH RAKESTRAW, & CO.
NO. 84, NORTH FRONT-STREET,
Where Subscriptions and Communications will be received.